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addressed to the publisher, *Post-paid*.

POETRY.

The Kiss.

Oh no—oh no—forsame! pray not so fast!
Why you begin, I see, to grow unruly,
What tho' I smit' you my hand to clasp,
I did not give you leave to kiss me, surely;
Why, sir, I am really quite shock'd, I vow;
To see, of late, how very rude you grow.

What would my mother say?—I dread to think!

Oh dear! it's had caught us!—how I tremble!
I'm afraid, to-night, I shall not sleep a wink—
Ah, think how you'll oblige me to dissemble!
How I shall blush, if I but meet her eye!—
Indeed, 'twas very wrong, you can't deny.

Pray, pray remove your hand from round my waist,
I must not suffer you to sit so near me;
I'm afraid it's wrong to be so close embrac'd,
You mean in good'ry doing so I fear me,
My mother wond' me of you to take herd,
I did not think you'd be so bold, indeed.

Pray, don't approach your lips so close to mine,

As you do now, you know there's no one listening;

Why should you whisper then?—I can't divine,

And see, your eyes are now with mischief glinting;

Oh, if you dare again attempt another—

Why really, Sir, I shall inform my mother.

But if you must do such a naughty thing,

And what oft you've said is true, you love me,

Perh'aps, dear youth, a simple golden ring;

To grant such favors, might have power to move me;

Were I your w', of course, 'twould not be wrong;

And then you'd, if you pl'd, kiss all'day long

From the New England Galaxy

Fat Folks.

FAT FOLKS! I hate 'em. It's a downright

outrage upon the community to be luggering round

great fat paunch in their very face and eyes!

It's a malignant libel on humanity to plead guilty

to that enormous protuberance of belly, which

may, not without propriety, be termed "going

the whole hog." Let the cold-water fanatics rail

as much as they please against the hard drink-

ers—they are not a tribe as offensive as your

downright hard-eaters. Who can endure to see

the wretches eat? I was at an ordinary yester-

day. There was a huge fellow opposite to me

While I was playing with the wing of a boiled

chicken and tenderly dipping into the bowels

of a roasted tomato—the fiend had bolted three

huge platters of roasted pig smothered in onion

sauce. "Waiter! I'll trouble you for bit more

of your roast pork? sung out my fat foe oppo-

site. Ye Gods! I could sit no longer. D-sling

down my knife and fork on the table, and

casting a glance of unutterable and withering

scorn at the brute—I fled. I couldn't eat again

for a week. Fergt? The bare reminiscence

vanquished.

I'm a wee, pawky creature, Messrs Editors,

and it grieves my very soul to witness the de-

dferential respect paid by all classes of people to

those huge belly gods. Look at them when

they travel. *Theirs*, is the landlord's most de-

ferrential bow and most commodious room.—

Theirs, the seat of honor at my host's table—

there, (curses on their shiny faces) fish, flesh

and fowl van ish under their obscenely rapturous

jaws, like a wreath of mist before a hurricane.

Theirs, is the most luxurious portion of the mail-

coach—like "poor little me" is tucked away in

one corner. Why in the name of Heaven, if

these odious monsters will intrude their ob-

scenity into a public conveyance—why will they

not pay by the square yard for the space they

really occupy. Ye proprietors of stage-coaches,

hearken unto me, and I will teach you max-

ims of truth and justice—Tax the infernal con-

glomerations of intestines by the cubic mile, do

ye hear? And if they don't consent to pay

you by bulk—let 'em hire an extra to transmit

their extra-ordinary carcasses, or, like good Mr.

B***m, get a carriage made expressly for

them, but so, strong and broad.

I put it very soberly to you, Messrs Editors,

whether fat folks are not exercising an undue

weight in the administration of public affairs?

Is it not a well attested fact that in all our prin-

cipal cities the mayor and aldermen are selected

from the great mass of citizens, almost solely

with reference, not to their *fitness*, but to their

fatness? Is not the word alderman synonymous

with turtle-soup, and turtle-soup with alderman?

How many of our Justices of the Peace and of

the Quorum, ay and Custos Rotulorum, too,

waddle about.

With fair round bellies, with fat capon lined,

not putting on, as they should do, bowels of

mercy, but putting forth unmerciful bowels.—

I put it to you, worthy Editors, do you believe

that the decreasing influence of ministers of the

gospel can be justly attributed to any thing else

than lack of portly paunches? Wasn't there

something edifying in hearing a corpulent par-

son pour forth a rapturous effusion in praise of

etherial essences and spiritual sublimations?

Who of the ancient biblical heroes was it, such as *Covent Garden* for *Convent Garden*, *Messrs Editors*, that "wore fat and kicked," and *Charing Cross*, which though now called *Claring Cross* in the mouths of every body, for the whole population of London are engaged at this day to ours? I never, in the whole course of my experience in society, knew a fat man to be truly meek and lowly-minded—did you? Indeed, how can we expect them to be common remark of the French, that they all, trailing perpetually about them, as they do, ways understand them, with difficulty, whereas their very tread makes a great noise in the ease. There is nothing about this Clapham of the world. And, gentlemen while my puny body interest, or of the road over which we have travelled, other than what I have written. The English are so very remarkable for this ravenously in devouring syllables, that it is a long moor over which we came quite bare. At a place called Astwick not far from here, I was amused by the stupid ignorance of the people, who seemed to know nothing of roads, places, or distance. I very believe that half of them don't know what a Stage Coach is—and I vainly strove to put my idea of a turnpike with theirs, so as to get some information of a Coach that was expected up to it, some two miles off, and for which I was aching at full speed. While I was striving to teach the blockheads English, and replying to their stupid "wha?" I lost the Coach, and Clapham has me for the night, which has at least one great blessing for such a weary traveller, and that is a superb bed, with excellent milk to drink, and eggs and bread to eat. I shall always stand up for English Public Houses.

FOUR FEET ELEVEN.

—
BROOK'S LETTERS.

Things in England.

CLARHAM, June 19, 1835.

The principal occasion I have had during the day, except that of walking of course, was in studying the Yorkshire dialect, but this is a difficult undertaking, for even this dialect has dialects of its own,—and when I could learn a word, ten miles further, it might be out of use. This was worse than it was anciently in the states of Greece, though I don't mean to say these are Grecian states. The fact is our Choctaw and Cherokee Indians speak about as comprehensible English as these people do. I have been quite as much at home among the Greeks. And yet Englishmen come over to our country where the great mass of the people speak far better English than the mass do in England, and then ridicule some Yankee and western peculiarities stamping them as the conversational language of all the nation! Why, the fact is, if you go one hundred and fifty miles from London, you are just about as well off on the source of language in Sweden or in Holland as in England. About here, and in Lancashire and Westmoreland, I know not how many dialects there are. I will give you specimens by and by. If you go into Scotland, Scotch thickens upon you. If you push to the Highlands, it is almost all Gaelic. If you cross to Ireland, then comes the wild Irish. If you go back toward the capital, Welsh meets you again, in the very emporium, at the very Court city in London itself, there is a Cockney dialect, which if it is understandable (there ought to be such a word, if there is not) only amuses you the more for understanding it all. Now these people, who don't speak English at home, come over to us, and ridicule our English when they can travel three thousand miles in America, and never meet an American whom they cannot readily understand, unless he be of French, German, or other foreign extraction. Isn't it one of the funniest ideas in the world?

A well-educated Englishman is a *foreigner* in one sense, in about two thirds of his own life. *Great Britain*,—and hence, perhaps, his sensitiveness in the matter of words.—"Wha?", says a Yorkshire man, opening his mouth at the Englishman's well-worn periods, in perfect stupidity—"wha?", he repeats, and when he can't understand, adds with a sneeze of the head—"Ah's nea scholar'd", I am no scholar—"Ah's boor'd too", I'm bound to town, says another.

"See! Ah'll gang wi ye", so I'll go with you.

And then if you ask far, you may find it to be about—"gboon a mahl' an' a hawl, nboob?" (only.) It is always *Y*, as *yeats* for *heat* & *got* for *hot*.

No wonder then that when the poor Yorkshire girl went to London, she had reason for giving the following account of it, when asked how she liked it. "Marry, sir, Ah like them eggs, nor shell on't. They're like a set of fowls as E never seed wi' my cen-

They laugh and flit at a body like omly thing. Ah went nobbut yester day i' t' beaker's shop for a leaf' of bread; and they fell a giggling at mal, as in Ah'd been yan (one) o' t' grits.

Now if I were to pay you by bulk—let 'em hire an extra to transmit

their extra-ordinary carcasses, or, like good Mr. B***m, get a carriage made expressly for

them, but so, strong and broad.

I put it very soberly to you, Messrs Editors, and it grieves my very soul to witness the de-

diferential respect paid by all classes of people to

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his sarcastic humor, he has brilliant parts, a classical taste, occasional flights of eloquence, and too much honesty for his party.—I deeply &c. instead of expunging, thus admitting the substance of the resolution, substituting ‘annual, reverse, internal regard expressed by the great Meeting at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places. The North is sound to the core, and lamented still more his open electioneering a resolution on its journals. In the spirit of constitutional power of the Senate to put such speeches against you. In my humble opinion compromise, and to yield something to the public men debate themselves by personal eccentricities of the Judge, Mr. Benton accepted his amendment, which was adopted by a large majority. In this stage of the business Mr. Webster, moved to lay it on the table, which was carried by nearly a party vote.—Thus to the defection of Judge White and to the trick of Webster, may be attributed the fate which attended that resolution.

We repeat, we are glad to see the subject brought again before the public. We hope to see a new movement at the next session of Congress, to procure a complete obliteration from the Journal of that unconstitutional sentence.

From the Eastern Argus.

French Indemnification.
The Indemnity question, which lately constituted the topic of so much newspaper speculation, has apparently, for the present at least, been put to rest. The appropriation law of the French Chambers provides for its payment, whenever the Government shall receive satisfactory explanation of a certain portion of the President's message, which looked forward to a possible refusal of payment by France, and suggested the course this country should pursue on the happening of that contingency. It will be recollect that the assumption of the principle, that any Foreign government had a right to look into the action of either department of our own or their mutual deliberations, and hold the Government responsible for sentiments thus avowed, was resisted by Mr. Livingston in an able protest, which received the unqualified approbation of the President. Such is the position in which France has placed herself in this controversy, that it is presumed, the Ministry will be ready enough to gather ‘satisfaction’ from the most unfavorable indications, and extract even from this ‘Protest’ itself a sufficient apology, though it were a task as hopeless as that of the Philosopher of Laputa, in his trial to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.—The American Government has maintained its original ground, and if the French conclude to be ‘satisfied,’ and pay the indemnity, the matter will be happily adjusted. The anxiety of the French government to relieve itself from its present disagreeable attitude before the world will doubtless bring about the desirable result.

We find in the New York Commercial Advertiser a letter from Paris, dated Aug. 15, from which we make the following extract:

“I am inclined to the opinion, that the French government will regard the letter of Mr. Livingston as the required explanation, since that letter has received the ‘entire approbation’ of the President. He assents to the full declarations of Mr. L. and to all his endeavors to satisfy the French Ministers that no menace or insult could have been intended in the message. This is saying all that reasonable men can expect; and if after all, the French government, do not avail themselves of it, I think they will discover their mistake, in the general support which would be given by our whole country to the position in which our government now stands in the controversy.”

From the Eastern Argus.

THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.
We are pleased to see the Washington Globe, bringing this subject before the people. It was a matter of surprise and deep regret, that Mr. Benton's Resolutions, so just, so appropriate, so entirely in accordance with public sentiment, should have been disposed of as it was by the Senate of the United States. It could be accounted for only by attributing its defeat to some of the adroit *clap-traps* of the political jugglers in that body. Can it be for a moment doubted, that had the question been referred to the American people, it would have been carried by acclamation? The people had stood by the President through all the terrors of the ‘Panic and Pressure,’ and sustained that noble firmness and patriotism, which braved the assaults of the Senate and the whole army of Panic makers throughout the Union. What must have been the indignant feelings with which they witnessed the man whom they had sustained, recorded on the journals of that body as guilty of violations of the Constitution, and held out to the world as worse even than a common malefactor? The Globe has conclusively proved Judge White to have been mainly instrumental in enabling the opposition to gain a victory on that occasion. Mr. Benton's Resolutions went to ‘expunge’ from the Journal Mr. Clay's Resolution, condemning the President, of assuming powers not granted by the Constitution and the laws, but in derogation of both. The Judge cavilled on the case of the word ‘expunge.’

In vain was it shown, that its use had the sanction of precedent, that preserved within itself the substance of the resolution expunged, and that it was the only proper mode of expressing the reversal of the Senate in the case of a resolution unconstitutionally adopted, and which could be disavowed in no other mode that would effectually meet the case. He was inflexible. He stood by and consented to the inflexion of a new wound on the pride of the state he represented, and another attempt to heap opprobrium on his once ‘bosom friend,’ now delivered up, by those he had cherished into political importance, to the buffetting of his revengeful enemies. But the judge had a compact to fulfill. He had been put on the political course. To the heads of the *tripartite* coalition, he had something to sacrifice of his once cherished opinions. To Calhoun, he yielded a support in his ‘Executive Patronage’ scheme. Webster received the *devoirs* of the Judge in aid of his defeat of the appropriation for military defense. Clay demanded a larger indemnity, and the Judge hastened to offer Andrew Jackson on the alter of his new idolatry, & sealed his reason by the sacrifice of his friend,

Judge White moved an amendment to Mr. Benton's resolution, substituting ‘annual, reverse, internal regard expressed by the great Meeting at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other places. The North is sound to the core, and lamented still more his open electioneering a resolution on its journals. In the spirit of the public men debate themselves by personal eccentricities of the Judge, Mr. Benton accepted his amendment, which was adopted by a large majority. In this stage of the business Mr. Webster, moved to lay it on the table, which was carried by nearly a party vote.—Thus to the defection of Judge White and to the trick of Webster, may be attributed the fate which attended that resolution.

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From the Cincinnati Republican.

Judge McLean's Letter.

The Gazette says it is ‘awkward’ and ‘ill timed.’ The ‘Whig,’ not yet being able to comprehend it, sings dumb. We of the Republican, built it as a most auspicious circumstance to the Democratic party. For it is not to be questioned that Judge McLean has a most extensive influence in Ohio. He has said in his letter declining to be considered a candidate for the Presidency, that ‘he would not be a party to a contest that shall be likely to tend to an election of Chief Magistrate by the House of Representatives.’ That is, he will not hold fellowship with that party which, for the purpose of defeating the election of Mr. Van Buren, have avowed a determination to carry, if possible, the election into the House, by multiplying their candidates. In the letter of Judge McLean, we have not only an assurance that he will not be considered as one of ‘the available candidates,’ but that he will ‘ever oppose’ the policy adopted by the opposition. ‘As a citizen,’ says Judge McLean, ‘I shall ever oppose what I conscientiously believe to be wrong in policy or in principle.’ We have, therefore, the promise of his *individual* opposition to the course pursued by the Whigs.

THE FAR WEST.

A letter from Fort Gibson, under date of the 12th ult. which is published in the Arkansas Gazette, gives some details of interest in relation to the position and doings of the Indians in the far West.—

It is stated that Major Mason marched with the effective force at that post, on the 18th of May, with a view of assembling the Comanche, Ki-a-way, and Town-a-ash Indians, in order that the United States Commissioners might meet them, with delegations from the friendly tribes on the frontier, with a view to entering into treaties of peace with the former. Major Mason established his encampment at Cross Timbers, 150 miles south of Fort Gibson, and ascertaining that the different bands of wild Indians of that region were desirous of being on friendly terms with the United States, although unwilling to send delegates to Fort Gibson, it was determined that the Commissioners left Fort Gibson, for Mason's encampment, which will be the council ground, under an escort, on the 20th ult. Delegates from the various friendly tribes were expected to be on the ground.

The whole force from Fort Gibson now in the Prairies, is stated at about 250, not including officers. It was expected that they would be able to return to that post by the 15th or 20th of September.—Mason's encampment (named Camp Holmes) is represented as a beautiful and healthy place, on the border of timber, to the east, and with a level prairie stretching ten miles beyond it westward. Springs and running water abound in the vicinity; and no doubt is entertained that it will become a place of much importance.

From the Jackson (Vt.) Republican.

The Whigs are dealers in plots. The split ticket was got up to create divisions in our late election. The factious measures, and Whig plots, to take the election of president from the People, is fast opening the eyes of the Anti-Masons in New England. The Whigs bring forward candidates to suit sectional views.—Their object is to distract and divide the country. The different Whig factions distrust each other. One is for Webster—one is for White—one is for Harrison, and another faction of the party is for Clay. The Ohio and Pennsylvania Whigs will not vote for Webster. The New England Whigs will not vote for Harrison, with Webster. They will not vote for White, as he has been one of the most faithful of the Jackson men. What shall Anti-Masons do? they have no confidence in Whigery. To use the language of the Boston Free Press, an Anti-Masonic paper,

“The only position, therefore, which Anti-Masons can occupy in the next Presidential election, is either to support the candidate of the Democracy, or to unite with some one of the divisions of the Whig faction in the view of new divisions now making to defeat an election by the people. Which of the factions will the Anti-Masons join? If we say Webster, Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Masons will say no.”

The *Candidate of the Democracy*, is rising in favor, not only with the Anti-Masons, but all who disapprove the setting up candidates for President, for the purpose of exciting divisions in the land. Present appearances indicate the election of Van Buren by an almost unanimous vote.

The North is speaking in tones of patriotic affection for the Union of these States, and for the rights of the South. No friend of the Union

can read unmoved the patriotic resolves and evening, during the first week, or ten days in October.

The edifice for the man in this city has been commenced on Jackson square, under the superintendence of Martin Gordon, Esq. The plan proposed for the building has the front placed in Esplanade street, where there will be a splendid portico. The whole cost of the building agreeably to the plan accepted is estimated at four millions—200,000 of which have been already appropriated sufficient to complete one wing which may be expected ready for operations by the 15th of May next. This edifice will be an ornament to New Orleans, and will equal any public building of its kind in the country, in utility and appearance!—*New Orleans Bee.*

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

We copy the annexed intelligence from the New Orleans American of the 15th ult.:

By the arrival of the schooner Lady Madison, Capt. Dunsford, from Velasco, whence she started on the 27th August, we are put in possession of late intelligence from Texas. It appears that that country is in a state of extraordinary excitement, and on the eve of revolution. The alarming progress of centralization through the rest of the Mexican Republic, —a threatened invasion by Santa Anna, —a mediated sale of a large quantity of settled territory, the imposition of burdensome and unequal taxes on the commerce of the country, and the arrest of the Governor, are circumstances which have aroused the people of Texas to the defense of their rights, and to resist oppression.—Meetings have been held in all the towns and villages. Among the rest, Columbia, Harrisburg, Velasco, Brazoria, and San Philippe, have adopted resolutions expressive of indignation at the proceedings of the General Government, and of a determination to resist them. A convention has also been called by those meetings, and a determination expressed to abide in their decisions. The convention was to meet on the 14th September, and it was expected that it will take such measures as will exhort Santa Anna to prosecute his threatened invasion. It will doubtless call upon every Texan to resist, by every honorable means remonstrances first, and arms afterwards—the usurpations of Centralism.

THE HON. ELISHA R. POTTER, departed this life at his seat in South Kingstown, on Saturday morning last, at half past 8 o'clock.

His complaint was, we understand, technically termed Against Pectoris, which ended in dropy of the chest. He has not been more unwell

than usual for the last six months, and died sitting in his chair. Mr. Potter has filled a large

space in the political transactions of Rhode Island during the last forty years. He was several years a member of Congress, and for more than twenty-five years a member of the General Assembly from the town of South Kingstown.—*Providence Journal.*

Two men named Hathorn, brothers, another named Legg from New Hampshire, were apprehended and lodged in jail yesterday, on suspicion of murdering a man named Perry from China, who came to this city with some oxen and a horse for sale. Perry had disposed of his oxen, one yoke of which were purchased by the Hathorns who live near the Corporation. On Monday last, he left his brothers at Stillwater and came down to Hartford's in order to arrange some matters with regard to their trade. Having left his horse at his brother's, they became alarmed at his not returning, just night or on the following day, and despatched a messenger to China to ascertain whether he had gone home. His friends there had not heard of him, and suspicion was immediately awakened that he had been murdered by the Hathorns. It is said that cries of murder had been heard by some of the neighbors on the night he was missing. A large number of men were employed in searching for his body yesterday, but we understand no traces of it were found. Report says that an axe and a mallet were found about Hathorn's premises with marks of blood upon them.—The suspected persons will be brought up for examination to day.

[Bangor Daily Adv. of Sept. 28.]

FIFTY-NINE TONS OF BIRDS.

Have been shipped from England to Antigua and Jamaica, for the use of the emancipated blacks. ‘Do you make good use of you bibles, Cuffee?’ said one of the class readers. ‘O, very good use, massa—I drop my razor on em.’ Religion is like liberty (says the N. Y. Star)—it cannot be confined on those incapable of appreciating its value. Upwards of £20,000 sterling has been raised in England to educate the negroes of the West India Islands. Every thing for their souls—nothing for their bodies. Instead of being taught the mechanic arts, the use of the plough and harrow, the plow and adze, the ax and needle, the anvil and lap-spoon—instead of practical industry, temperance and integrity, they are taught to read their little reading bibles. They all begin at the wrong end—they attempt to finish the superstructure before they have laid the foundation. But the masters in this grand religious scheme feel strong in the last—they are sure that God is with them. They raise \$100,000 to teach the negroes religion, while thousands of their own poor in Ireland are perishing with hunger, actually dying with want—they must die in a land of plenty, because it is deemed more charitable to look after the souls of the blacks, than to feed the hungry and clothe naked whites of their own soil, and this is called religion. It is delusion—it is fanaticism. The great atom of sin on earth, is to relieve the wants and distresses of our fellow beings.—[Vide Mecum.]

From the Boston Morning Post.

The Comet.—The directions about the comet, which have appeared in the various newspapers, appear to have been intended for astronomers, or at least for persons of considerable science, and not for the mass of the people. A short pararaph, digested as much as possible of scientific terms, will perhaps be accessible to the general reader. The comet will be nearest to us about the middle of October. It will be nearest to the sun about the 10th of November. Its greatest brilliancy and apparent magnitude are very uncertain. In 1456, its grandeur was such, that its tail, or the brightness extending from the body, was equal in length to one third of the arch of the sky; but in 1759, its appearance was in no way remarkable, and was scarcely noticed by any except scientific men. Its course during October, the most important portion of its appearance will be in somewhat of a curving direction around the north star, gradually receding from it, and distant from it a little further than the stars commonly called the *Cleaver*, (the Great Bear.) Its motion will be in a direction from the blade towards the handle of the Cleaver. It has not yet reached the blade or pointers, but is not very far distant from those stars. It will enter the constellation or collection of stars, called *Ursa Major*, or the Great Bear, about the 6th of October.

The conspicuous stars, seven in number, sometimes called the *Cleaver's Cleaver*, are a portion of those which constitute the great Bear, the handle of the Cleaver being the tail of the Bear, and the other four stars making about half of his body. The comet will first appear among the stars of the great Bear, as just stated, about the 6th of October, proceeding from the fore part of the body towards the tail, and will continue in this constellation till the 11th of October. It will proceed in this direction, nearly curving around the north star, and partly receding from it, during all the month, until it is no longer visible to the naked eye.

The distance of the comet from the earth will never, say the astronomers, be less than twenty-five millions of geographical miles, which is nearly one-third of the distance between the earth and the sun, and more than one hundred times the distance between the earth and the moon. When the comet is nearest to the sun, it will be then distant from it about half the space between the sun and the earth. These

distances are here stated in round numbers, not with much accuracy, but sufficiently exact for the purpose intended. The light of the moon will prevent the comet's being seen in the

space between the sun and the earth, from the 1st of October to the 1st of November.

Henry Clay and General Harrison met at the Hamilton County (Ohio) Agricultural Fair, and on the 3d inst. Mr. Clay declined making a speech, as he had lately made a vow to himself to abstain from such things for the present, and the 10th of the North Bend is said to have watched him very suspiciously. The military chief has cause for his misgivings. He has not been found to possess the available qualities requisite for producing a division in the West, and will shortly be dropped as unimportant, as the Bank politicians have dropped Judge White, while Henry Clay will soon enter the field, backed by a nomination from the Kentucky Legislature. Waiting for this, it is not surprising that the ‘broken down roader,’ as he was called by the Nullifiers during their panic visit to this city, refused to commit himself on the subject of the next Presidency.—

William Henry Harrison, the black cockade federalist of the reign of terror, should therefore make the most of his short-lived glories, eat all the dinners offered him, and derive as much pleasure as possible from the hollow adulations paid him; for his night is at hand, and he will very soon be consigned to that political oblivion which is the inevitable doom of all who receive the caresses of whigery. Judge White stands trembling upon his brink, abandoned by all the eastern presses which a few weeks since were

most clamorous in his support, and the hero of North Bend is but a few paces in the rear.—The available ‘come like shadows, so depart Pennsylvania.’

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 18, 1835.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

Equal Taxation.

We noticed an article on this subject in the last Argus, accompanied by an extract from a speech of Mr. Everett in the Legislature of Massachusetts, each of which contains remarks deserving of the serious attention of the people. The speech was made on a motion to strike out the Tax act a clause exempting the property of certain literary and charitable institutions, from taxation. The same clause exists to a considerable extent in this State, not merely in the exemption, granted to Literary Institutions, but to manufacturing corporations. To favor the interests of education, and to afford suitable aid and encouragement to Literary Institutions, is a duty imposed not only by the constitution but by the highest moral and social obligation. This duty however should be performed by the State, and the burden should not be imposed upon those who are often least able to bear it, and who derive the least possible benefit from it. Such is now the case in some instances at least. There are towns in this State, and in this county, where a proportion of the will is owned by Literary Institutions in Massachusetts, and is therefore exempted from taxation, notwithstanding the clause which is now in the constitution.

Two men named Hathorn, brothers, another named Legg from New Hampshire, were apprehended and lodged in jail yesterday, on suspicion of murdering a man named Perry from China, who came to this city with some oxen and a horse for sale. Perry had disposed of his oxen, one yoke of which were purchased by the Hathorns who live near the Corporation. On Monday last, he left his brothers at Stillwater and came down to Hartford's in order to arrange some matters with regard to their trade. Having left his horse at his brother's, they became alarmed at his not returning, just night or on the following day, and despatched a messenger to China to ascertain whether he had gone home. His friends there had not heard of him, and suspicion was immediately awakened that he had been murdered by the Hathorns. It is said that cries of murder had been heard by some of the neighbors on the night he was missing. A large number of men were employed in searching for his body yesterday, but we understand no traces of it were found. Report says that an axe and a mallet were found about Hathorn's premises with marks of blood upon them.—The suspected persons will be brought up for examination to day.

[Bangor Daily Adv. of Sept. 28.]

FIFTY-NINE TONS OF BIRDS.

Have been shipped from England to Antigua and Jamaica, for the use of the emancipated blacks. ‘Do you make good use of you bibles, Cuffee?’ said one of the class readers. ‘O, very good use, massa—I drop my razor on em.’ Religion is like liberty (says the N. Y. Star)—it cannot be confined on those incapable of appreciating its value, so we have the power, ready to exert it. Let the negroes partake of the fruits of their labor, and let them be educated by the State, and in all future years, let education be one of the ends, as on which it shall be held. Let it be required of those who are applicants for the bounty of the State, that they first place themselves in equality in this respect with their fellow citizens.

In regard to Literary Institutions, which are the most frequent subjects of this paper, it is a fact well known by all experience, and by all who are interested in their welfare, that they do not always merit the protection of the State. We would wish to see a judicious literary library established towards our Literary Institutions, proportioned to their wants. We would encourage the establishment of an institution serving to every person in the State. But we do not want to see a large sum of money spent on it, or a sum of money given to it.

The Whig Party.

The Whig party, in their nature and reactions, are the best principle to keep them together, and to make them a compactly organized, and strong party, than themselves.

The Whig is the character of the Whig party as drawn by John Q. Adams in his letter to D. J. Parsons. He ought to be with them well. He has given them President and their candidate a second time. He is a noted Representative in Congress. He was last winter elected by one branch of the Legislature of N. H. to the office of U. S. Senator, and his wife was recently appointed to the great popularity of Gov. Davis, and partly to the independent course pursued by Mr. Adams on the question of our claim upon France. From his present and past actions, he has not been wanting in his adherence to the Whig party, he may be supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with their leaders, their plans and principles, and such is the description which he gives of them. Had a Democrat made such a declaration, it would have been denounced in the harshest terms, and reviled with every epithet of abuse which angry malice could invent. But the confusions of some of their own party, however bad and strong, must be received with more meekness. We do not mean

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A CITY SABBATH. What a contrast to the tumultuous hurry and bustling desperation which but a few hours since prevailed is presented by the quiet dawning of Sunday in the city! The first sound which strike the ear of the drowsy cit, who always makes a long preparation for a long morning in bed on that day, are the lonely tread of the milkman on the empty side-walk, and monotonous brushing of the servant girl on the hall stairs or at the front steps—sounds which on any other day, would have been utterly inaudible. As the morning advances, more frequent echoes of footsteps upon the pavement arise from the street or court below. Those from whom they proceed, are either encased in new boots or rejoicing in the comparative desolation of the scene, plant their pedals upon the ground with an energy that gathers fresh strength from the resounding hollowness. Occasionally a hoof is heard upon the almost deserted highway, the signal of some passing physician, or equestrian invalid, started forth by necessity as the advanced guard of the great multitude already preparing for exhibition.—

Anon, the clocks from numberless steeples commence tolling the hour of nine—the hands of the sextons are on to bell-ropes, and soon the air is filled with brazen tones of every variety, warning the church-goers to their preliminary toilets.

Who that hears this general peal, composed of the most jangling movements, and of horrid discords assuming new terrors at every blow and vibration—does notbethink himself of the doctrinal jargon and sectarian disagreements which these noisy ministers so aptly typify? There swings the solemn and soothing tongue of the English church—comfortably reposing in the consciousness of its infallibility—as established by British law; there clangs and clatters the clapper of presbyterian orthodoxy—clamorous for proselytes, and rigorous in the discipline of disciples. Here rings the Catholic alarm—a dogma at every pull, and a malediction at every thump. And there dingle and clang Unitarians, Methodists, Universalists, Baptists—each playing his own tune—and no two striking in consonance, except by accident. These bells are a picture of society—a sermon and caption.

At ten, after an interval of smothered bustle, like the suppressed retchings of the volcano—the bells are again let loose, and out pour the populace upon every square, street, lane, alley, court, and 'place'—their hibernalions worth one hundred per cent above their yesterday's attire, and their clean faces turned hither and yon, as the case may be—some bent on the worship of God; many on that of the Adversary—or what is the same thing, the business of parcelling out portions of perdition to those who are not of our side. Then succeeds another brief hour of peace. Then an outpouring from the temples; and for the space of half an hour the streets are alive with gayety and smiles, as though every man and every woman were conscious of having made another step towards heaven; and that those who must surely go the other way, 'are them o'ther fellows, not us?' This stage of the matter constitutes the climax, the maximum of a city Sabbath. The residue of the day falls off like proportion as the morning advanced—and at length silence resumes its reign, and night covers up as with a pall of death and oblivion, all the controversies and mutual disaffections which are engendered by a difference of opinion—subsiding only one day in seven.—[*Nantucket Inquirer*.]

A DANDY.—One youth of this kind I know—a dolt of the very first water—who said to an acquaintance recently, in my presence, "Do you know the Miss—'s of Noo-Yawk? What devilish susceptible creatures they are, to be sual! I called on them a few months ago, and sang to them 'Zurich's Waters,' and 'Me Sister De-sh,' and don't you think they both fell in love with me! Egad, they did so—but I couldn't relieve, and so I cut them. I vow I won't be cruel to any one if I can help it—I won't positively—would you?"

This was an Ordinary. "I say, stranger, said a rough-looking book-pedlar from Illinois, who sat near this scented braggart, "you are not a MAN, are you?—a full bound man? You don't sartantly answer to a masculine title, do you? I should take you for a pocket edition of a sheep. You hav'n't brains enough to fascinate a kitten—yet you really fancy that you are something uncommon! You are to flat to keep your eyes open, folly—and I'll be a wolf trap that the sight of a full-blown poppy would set you to sleep, any time. Oh, psh! Landlord, give this thing a weak lemonade, scented with rose-water—and tote me a pint of brandy, hot with a red pepper in it, and a common sugar. I'll go boil for the bill."

The irresistible young man walked off, with a mingled look of insanity and anger.

An anxious and faithful father had been lecturing and counselling a dissolute and incorrigible son. After most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition, "What!" exclaimed the father, "not one relenting emotion—not one penitent tear?—Ah, father," replied the hardened son, "you may as well leave off boring me, you will obtain no water I can assure you."

Johnathan Gawk, who had just arrived from Vermont, in search of a brother who resided in the city, entered a millenary shop near the Old South, and enquired, "Do you keep tobacco?" "No, sir," said the fair shop keeper.—"Well, don't our Sam keep here?" "No, sir.—'Congress-all-Jerusalem!' Marus told me that he kept in a store close along side Boston Meeting house!"—*Dedham Advertiser*.

From the Boston Statesman. The Right of Amending the Laws.

Where there exists no constitutional right among the privileges of the people of amending or repealing those laws which the majority disapprove, the people cannot be said to enjoy their liberty—they do not enjoy that right which alone creates their obligations of obedience to the laws. The right to make and unmake our own laws does, itself create our obligations of obedience to them; and our obligations of obedience on the other hand imply the right and the authority to make and unmake—to enact and to cancel any laws which the majority may at any time approve or disapprove. Our obligations of obedience—though absolute—are not paramount to our rights of creating those laws which we are to obey, and of annulling those which we do not approve. Every individual possesses the right of investigating the character of the laws—or discussing them justly and proprieitly—and of proving their injustice or absurdity, by argument or ridicule—by reason or wit—in prose or in verse—by speech or by press—so long as he observes obedience to them while they remain unrepealed. None of our laws, unless we except the moral laws are of divine authority—and though we are under perfect obligations of obedience to them, we do just as perfectly enjoy the right of striking them out of the book of statutes, whenever we have converted the majority to our own opinions, in relation to them, and we enjoy the absolute right of using any honorable means of convicting the people of their unreasonableness and inexpediency. It is not treason to ridicule the laws or the law-makers—it is treason only to preach disobedience to them, or to encourage disobedience, either by our words or actions. By ridiculing those laws which we consider unjust or unreasonable, we do not encourage disobedience—but we thereby stir up in the minds of the people a spirit of reform, which is the only safeguard of liberty. One may tray to preach disobedience to them, or to encourage disobedience, either by our words or actions.

Taunton, Mass. Sept. 11, 1835.

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Attack of an Alligator.—A young man by the name of Norton, resident at a place called Brandy Brandy, about twenty-five miles from here, was bitten in the hand and arm by an Alligator, about two weeks since, and a bone fractured. We understand that he was endeavoring to get some water from a stream, and while clearing the surface with his hand, the Alligator seized it, and he was only saved by gouging the animals eyes, upon which he relinquished his hold. The young man is much injured, and it may yet be necessary to perform amputation. The Alligator was afterwards taken and measured almost ten feet in length.—[*Jacksonville (Florida) Courier*.]

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